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The
COMMONWEAL

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Should the US Open Fire?

THIS has not been a happy summer. The only new war development welcome in any sense was the slowing down of the Hitler push into Russia. Against the breathing spell afforded Britain and the weakening of German morale can be balanced the spectacle of millions of our fellow-humans locked in a death struggle. Whatever may happen to their other plans, the nazis seem certain to annex potentially important sources of matériel. As we go to press German advances in the Ukraine, coupled with the latest step in Vichy-Berlin collaboration and Japanese progress toward Singapore, the East Indies and the Philippines, bring the world hopes of the majority of Americans to a new low point for the summer. Only the long-range prospects seem at all favorable.

Is the United States more (or less) secure than she was when the Russo-German battle was launched at the beginning of the summer? German threats to the western hemisphere are for the moment perceptibly lessened by involvement in the Russian adventure. It is hardly likely that the British Isles will be immediately invaded and that the United States may wake up any day to find herself alone in a hostile axis world. But in the Far East, the greatest danger spot for hostilities all along, events are moving rapidly toward a showdown. Consequently the nation seems much closer to war today than it was two months ago. And we must not forget that in a struggle for the South Pacific, important sources for American rubber, tin, oil and other strategic commodities would be at stake.

Those who want America to join at once in the shooting war continue their pleas. There is perhaps less talk about taking Dakar and the Canaries, but more advocacy of opening hostilities with Japan. Once we have finished that latter job (presumably within a few weeks) then we should set down to business and join with Britain and the Soviets in finishing off Germany for good (the nature of the offensive still remains unspecified).

As far as it is possible to discern it, does not the administration's present foreign policy seem a much sounder procedure? Either from the strict viewpoint of national defense or the broader angle of assuming rightful world responsibilities, the United States has much to gain by keeping out of this shooting war right now. Despite several important defense strikes our gigantic armament program is advancing ahead of schedule. Effective aid to Britain is growing steadily. And when it comes to mass production, America can leave any likely combination of hostile powers well behind. By next year American armament will be rolling off production lines in tremendous quantities. Axis superiority in matériel will doubtless be over and fall behind farther every day. We should think twice before abandoning this vital strategic advantage. American foreign policy should be firm as consonant with our growing strength; we should not rush into battle. The struggle in Russia makes it all the more imperative in the interests of world peace and justice that the United States be the real strong man at the next peace conference table.

Not Only the German Police

IN ALL that we have written about France since her defeat we have always assumed the presence, in the government and in the French people, of an immense fatigue, disappointment and helplessness. And we have always been unwilling to ask of the French people or of its leaders that through resistance to German pressure they submit France to total occupation and to the full measure of German repression. We have been unwilling to join with those who, from a safe distance, encouraged the French people to a revolt which seemed likely to be as futile as it would be heroic.

Marshal Pétain's broadcast throws new light on the state of mind of the French people, as it does on the extent of his own determination to pursue his policy of collaboration. He starts by saying, with a frankness most unusual in authoritarian leaders: "For the last several weeks I have felt an ill wind rising in many regions of France. Disquiet is overtaking minds; doubt is gaining control of spirits. The authority of my government is made the subject of discussion; orders are

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often being ill executed." This can only mean that there is far greater opposition to the Vichy program of collaboration than we had thought could possibly exist under the difficult circumstances of German occupation and control. Accounts we have recently received of a growing French refusal to consider the new order as already established and the condition under which Frenchmen must plan to live are corroborated by the Marshal himself. The opposition is there, and unless it is quelled, the Marshal foresees that France might see "open up before her the abyss in which Spain of 1936 just missed being swallowed and from which she was saved only by faith, youth and sacrifice." The opposition is so great that there is the threat of civil war.

"If a beaten country is divided against itself it dies. If a beaten country can unite it is reborn." In order to obtain the united support of French opinion, Admiral Darlan, "to whom public opinion has not always been favorable or fair," is placed in charge of all land, sea and air forces. And since this appointment avowedly is not a popular one, all manner of police measures are announced. "I will double the means of police action." "A group of Commissars of Public Power is created." As for the opposition groups—freemasons, politicians of the old régime and "those who have subordinated the interests of the Fatherland to foreign interests"—"we must start in now to smash their undertakings by decimating their leaders." "I have decided to use the powers given me by Constitutional Act No. 7 to judge those responsible for our disaster. A Council of Justice is created to that effect. It will submit its reports before October 15."

We do not think that we distort the Marshal's broadcast through overemphasis on the repressive measures he announces. We do not think their importance can be exaggerated, for finally, here, we have clear evidence that "the broad perspectives that can open up a reconciled continent to our [France's] activity" do not appeal to an active and, to the Vichy government, a dangerous opposition. "In 1917 I put an end to mutiny." And that is a significant choice of honors to recall from a period which provided greater glory to the Marshal. "In 1940 I put an end to rout. Today I wish to save you from yourselves." The French people wish desperately to be saved from something else.

Institute of Human Relations

FORMER MEETINGS of the Williamstown Institute of Human Relations and other conferences sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews have been well worthy of the encouragement they received from socially-minded citizens. Such emphasis on effort for better interfaith and interracial relations are all to the good. But it seems to us that the Conference to be held on the Williams College campus from August 24-29 this year is particularly important. It is believed to be the first national educational forum on post-war problems; its theme is "The World We Want to Live In." As is customary there will be a distinguished and varied list of speakers and leaders of the round table discussions. It seems highly appropriate that leading American Catholics, Jews and Protestants should concern themselves with, and call wide attention to, the formulation of sound and acceptable American peace objectives, for such considerations are all too often overlooked in the effort to make the nation strong in arms and to defeat Hitler. Several of the individual sessions embody approaches to important questions that are unusually compelling. In the meetings devoted to Latin America the primary consideration will be what Latin America can contribute to our way of life up here. There will also be meetings to discuss the idea that in cultural diversity lies the nation's strength. Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, Co-Chairman of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, points out that "in the last one hundred years this land has witnessed the most glorious pageant of immigration in all history. America has welcomed the sons and daughters of every fragment of age-old civilization. Together we are destined to create a new kind of republic—a democracy of cultures as well as a free society of individuals. At our disposal are the values and ideas, the arts and knowledges, the laws and techniques of the people of every civilized tradition." The conference will study in some detail both the racial and religious backgrounds of the American people. And in the investigation of wider problems this Institute should make a sizable contribution to the vital task of formulating feasible outlines for a just and lasting peace.

Labor and Power

THE Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Company strike at Kearny, New Jersey, raises once again the question of the closed shop. American labor unions have for years insisted that this is one of the essential goals of union activity; nor is the ground for this insistence theoretical. Many of the formerly cogent arguments for the closed shop have been made of less import by recent labor legislation. There remains one strong argument. If every worker's job depends on his membership in a union, then obviously he will keep up his membership, pay his dues. If a worker is free not to belong to a union, human inertia will continuously operate to weaken unions almost directly in proportion to their success. After a strike has been won, the union seems to have served its purpose; why bother about continuing to pay dues?

It is an inevitable function of all human institu-

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tions that they create vested interests and that the men most directly concerned will do all in their power to protect and extend those interests. The workers unite to better their pay and working conditions: automatically, whether they wish to or not, they thereby create political patronage within their organization, and political power. The men who win this patronage and power, however sincerely devoted to their fellows' cause, become subject to a second loyalty—holding and extending their jobs and their power.

The closed shop, therefore, is not only a necessary counter to human inertia and shortsightedness, which would tend to make unions strong only when their usefulness is immediately apparent to every worker. It is also a superb weapon of defense for those who have won their way to union leadership. It tends to consolidate and increase their personal vested interest. Of course if a union is run honestly and democratically, if its officers are as distinterested as is humanly possible, if they have respect for their fellow men and for principle, the great power placed in their hands by the closed shop will not be abused, and will serve the beneficent purpose which is generally stated as its justification. But rarely are union leaders men of such calibre. In order to win elective office they must always be politicians of a sort; only too often they have been racketeers.

So a fundamental dilemma presents itself. Either unions are to be kept under the constant internal threat of loss of membership (a threat employers know how to turn to their own profit), or they are to be granted a power easy of abuse, against which there is little recourse. It is likely the closed shop will be the pattern of the future, unless a wave of popular revulsion overwhelms organized labor. What would seem to be needed is a whole juridical basis, administered and sanctioned by the State, but worked out on an autonomous level of its own within the frame of reference of industrial life. Its purpose would be to serve as various existing codes of professional ethics serve, to act as a curb on the newly increased power of labor leaders, the power of management and capital. Such a code, to the general principles of which all persons involved—managers, owners, workers—would agree, does not to any extent exist in our social ethos. It is needed badly.

Only $5 a Month for 60 Months!

MORALISTS have long inveighed against installment buying. We have been presented with the picture of the young married couple who have bought a car on time, furnished their apartment on time, put in a refrigerator on time, and, to cap the climax, are paying for their honeymoon on time. The picture ends with the various finance companies recapturing everything the young couple own. Presumably the company that financed the honeymoon has to be satisfied with taking possession of the marriage license.

Of course the very idea of installment buying runs counter to the traditional notions of thrift which have long been a part of American folklore. Buying on time is getting yourself into debt, no matter how you look at it, and that is not the way the rising young man is supposed to manage his affairs. But in fact this method of merchandising has become an essential part of our economy, and any social pressures that may once have been exercised against it are now things of the past. Only a few crabbed moralists still occasionally squawk.

The institution has done much for the American standard of living. People of modest means somehow are rarely able to accumulate large enough sums of ready cash to buy the more expensive gadgets considered necessities in our civilization. Installment buying makes it possible for them to buy such things without having to go through the difficult process of accumulation. Somehow it *is* less of a strain to pay $5 a month for 60 months (which makes $300) than it would be to dish out $250 all at once. The result has been to stimulate industry and to spread the base of public wants. There has perhaps been a concomitant reduction in thrift and savings, yet economists might argue that in the long run, without the installment buying, there would not have been created the wealth to make possible the savings.

No one denies, however, that installment buying can have an inflationary effect. This is particularly true at a moment like the present, when a lot of new money from wages is in the market seeking to buy the standard American luxuries. So the action of the government in curbing consumer credit is probably a wise action and one which will tend to slow down inflation. The business had got a little out of bounds anyway. By spreading payments over absurdly long time periods the sound elements in the technique were beginning to be undermined by its perversions. It is therefore to be hoped that the curbs now being worked out as a measure of defense against inflation will be preserved in principle as a proper part of legitimate regulation of trade by government.

Copy for Falla

PUBLICITY note from an American publishing firm: "'Falla, A President's Dog,' by Virginia Howell Mussey and Margaret Van Doren, to be published by Howell, Soskin on August 19, is dedicated to the White House scottie. A special edition of five copies is being made, one for presentation to Falla, one to his owner, one to Mrs. Roosevelt, and one each for Sistie and Buzzie Dall." Perhaps Falla's copy will be stamped on specially made dog biscuits; if this notion has not occurred to the enterprising publishers, we pass it along without expectation of an honorarium.

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So the Negroes Want Work!

What keeps them from getting it.

By George Streator

A LOT of people, including Westbrook Pegler of the Scripps-Howard papers, have been staging all-outs to solve the problems of trade unions. Some forces would wrap a blue ribbon around the world and hand it to trade unions to administer; others would tie ropes around trade unions and string them up to dry in the sun. One thing, however, is true. Neither Congress nor Westbrook Pegler has opened up the question of race discrimination in labor, although from time to time various government sources have hinted that there is such a question.

For a long time I was a firm believer in Karl Marx as the one and only person to enlighten the world about working-class problems. That was before Father John LaFarge began quoting to me various passages from *Rerum Novarum*. Up to that time I was inclined to view all Catholics either as AFL members, reactionaries or politicians in the eastern states. My judgment was immature, but I can defend myself by yelling out loud that Westbrook Pegler does not read the social encyclicals except where they pertain to racketeering, something that is after all merely a sideshow to the total labor problem. For, if anyone ever missed a bus, it is Brother Pegler.

In *Rerum Novarum* I read from Holy Writ (Eccles. iv. 9-10): "It is better that two should be together, than one; for they have the advantage of their society. If one fall he shall be supported by the other. Woe to him that is alone, for when he falleth he hath none to lift him up."

There are from 12 to 15 million people in America who are either obviously Negroes, or acknowledge with pride their Negro forebears, even though chattel slaves they may have been. From 1492 to the present date those peoples drawn from West Africa are basically our hewers of wood and drawers of water. But they are not inherently common laborers, not inherently of the depressed classes, not ordained by God as the inferiors of all races of lighter hue. And those colored people are from one-eleventh to one-tenth of our population.

There are all sorts of discrimination of course, based on class and social affiliation. But much of this is petty, things that can be corrected by Negroes themselves by an exercise of tact mixed with social and economic independence. (I am using the word "independence" in a relative sense.) What I mean is best explained by the attitude of intelligent Jews toward race segregation. "Exclude a Jew from a hotel? Well, he buys it." But Negroes must first earn a living, then amass savings and corral investments—always supposing that the capitalist system prevails.

I have the right to assume that readers of THE COMMONWEAL are drawn from the intellectual élite. I summon one of them to go with me on a short visit to a typical man of means, a man who is "liberal" in the American—not European—sense; a man who prides himself on his family, his broad-mindedness, his contributions to charity, his religious convictions, his morality, and above all, his *Americanism*. My "project man" is white—since he represents an independent investment class—he is a college graduate, a lover of sports, a preacher of "fair play in life as on the gridiron."

We take with us a copy of this very paper to read to our project man, an editorial from the June 27, 1941, issue. Our plan of strategy is to read, first, the statement made by President Roosevelt:

"Discrimination against Negro workers has been nation-wide"; then, we read a sentence from the editorial: "Clearly this discrimination is a crushing blow against national morale and the level of American civilization. It is wrong."

"No"

The first answer made by our project man: "No. I cannot hire Negroes for my factories. *The unions won't let me.* I have no prejudices . . . but . . ."

Ah, we must soften him up. We grab E. E. Embree's "Brown America" out of the brief case and consult it like a law book. We tell him all the stories we can muster about Roland Hayes, the great tenor, steering clear of Paul Robeson who has a pink tint about the gills. We talk about Dorothy Maynor, Marian Anderson, "Bojangles" Robinson, Booker T. Washington (we skip Fred Douglass because the "commies" read him into their Party line), shake the ashes from the bones of Crispus Attucks, mindful that Kenneth Roberts had de-Bunker-Hilled the first man to die in the

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American Revolution. We try desperately to drive home the standard arguments about Negro loyalty, sacrifice and achievements under handicaps, bravery in America's wars, and so on.

Our man tries to shift the talk to baseball . . . and here is where we almost break up the party. We are *about* to say, "Ever think how hypocritical it is to talk about 'the great American game,' when a Negro cannot get a job with the Phillies, even; no matter how many college athletes, real champions, are Negroes?"

He must read our minds, for he starts bobbing-and-weaving, throwing punches all around our heads. Do you know what he says? Here is a sample: "Our Negroes are citizens, of course. Lincoln freed them all, God bless their pagan souls. Did you see 'The Green Pastures'? I like to think of my colored folk walking on 'dem golden streets.' Funny, isn't it, how Negroes would want to walk on golden streets? That reminds me of a book I read about the Gullah Negroes off the coast of South Carolina. You know, they have a language all their own!"

We are pretty impatient, but what can we do? Our subject has packed his brain with all the standard folk lore about Negroes, but he refuses to hire a Negro in the flesh. Before we can get in a word, he comes out with a pet bit of reaction: "One of my friends hired a Negro. He had to let him go. The Negro stole some money; almost a hundred dollars! Can you imagine that? No. I will not hire Negroes. Besides, my workers won't let me. You know, I don't want to have labor troubles. We have got to produce all out for defense. . . ."

We go into the best known melodies about patriotism, and add a rabbit punch about "kicking the man farthest down." But we have not moved our man at all: "Negroes make marvelous servants. I always feel safe with my wife riding the Pullman cars. I would never consent to having the railroads hire white porters."

Ah, the time to score a direct hit! "What about waiters, then? Once upon a time Negroes did all the waiting in these parts, and in the railroad terminals, too. But as fast as Savarin's fades away into Union News, white help replaces colored help. Why, down in Baltimore and Washington . . ."

Our man cuts me off. It seems that *he* has been reading Karl Marx. He is certain, even hopeful, that *sensible* Negroes will not follow the type of white people who go radical.

"Our Negroes will never get far trying to line up with our white trash. And besides, the railroads, the telephone companies, the insurance companies, the chain stores, the great department stores you complain about: all these are *private property*. This is what the radicals want to get hold of!"

We have touched his pocketbook! He shows genuine emotion. So, we try to be very objective about it: "If you do not want the Negro to go left, you must give him a share of the jobs."

The record

Says he: "I've been reading a book published some years back, called 'The Black Worker.' It is by Abram Harris, a Jew, and . . . my error. Harris is the Negro. Spero is the Jew. Read what they say about white labor leaders. Even if I believed Negroes were competent, white labor leaders would object.

"They quote President John Fitzpatrick of the Chicago Federation of Labor: 'The Negro sets himself up as a destructive interest in the community, and the leaders are trying to get his mind in such condition that he will continue to do that. Now the other races do not do that. They are susceptible of organization and education on these questions. . . .'

"Back in 1902 the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* said: 'As for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen taking in the Negro, I hope and pray that I will never live to see the grand old B. of L. F. so disgraced as to take into its protecting folds this class of God's creation.' That union still feels the same way."

While we are trying to make clear in his mind the contradictions between singing the praises of Negro artists and refusing to employ Negro artisans, our project man is turning to page 273 in Spero and Harris. This was real dynamite: "The packers also, according to the Chicago Federation of Labor, 'subsidized Negro preachers and Negro politicians and sent them out among colored men and women to induce them not to join the unions.' A Negro Y.M.C.A. secretary and two aldermen were charged with serving on the packers' staff. . . ."

We are quick to reply that all this is history; that this took place in Chicago two decades ago; that the Negro *intelligentsia* not only has embraced unionism—in the South, Negro school teachers have organized to demand equal pay for equal services. Does this help our project man? Not at all. He seizes upon this assertion to decry communism and communists, insisting that the reader from THE COMMONWEAL and I were Moscow agents. (This was, of course, before Moscow made its last change of front.)

"But get me right," he said in semi-tragic tones, "I have no race prejudice. My servants . . . well . . . they used to be colored before my wife took a liking to Europeans. Anyway, old Marina is taken care of . . . Marina was my colored cook. She worked with my family forty years . . . Marina gets relief like everybody else. I don't believe in relief, but Marina deserves it. Anyway, she deserves it more than these young Negroes in Har-

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lem who do not want to work, I mean, in jobs for which they are suited, like, well, anyway . . ."

"What jobs? New York restaurants discriminate, industries discriminate, department stores discriminate, steamship lines discriminate, railroads discriminate, telephone and telegraph companies discriminate, hotels discriminate; newspapers, radio stations, banks, theatres . . . why even God Almighty is made to appear to favor discrimination!"

"Negroes are not appreciative of charity," he said.

But from *Quadragesimo Anno* we read to him, ending with this: ". . . the wealthy . . . were content to abandon to charity alone the full care of relieving the unfortunate, as though it were the task of charity to make amends for the open violation of justice, a violation not merely tolerated, but sanctioned at times by legislators."

Does this down our project man, our sound evidence of the causes of race friction in America? Not at all. He comes back: "Defense is the most important thing, now. The main thing is *production*. We are not going to allow trade unions *and Negroes* to stop the wheels from rolling."

Defense from what? From intolerance? From race hatred? From the exploitation of the weak by the strong? And by what methods? By race hatred? By class hatred? By collective stupidity?

We read to our adamant soul another passage from *Quadragesimo Anno*: "Now this is the primary duty of the State and all good citizens: to abolish conflict between classes with divergent interests, and thus foster and promote harmony between the vocational groups."

But to no avail. Even while we are reading, he disappears behind a huge oak door and the click of the lock tells us that dollars are more important with some people than ideals they pretend to cherish.

What are we going to do about it? The magazine *Phylon* in its issue for the first quarter, 1941, carried the information that in 1936 Negroes, one-tenth of the population, were one-sixth of the relief rolls.

The same issue of *Phylon* tells us that nineteen transportation unions—including the Big Four—at least two maritime unions, two metal trades unions, and organizations of telegraphers, railway mail clerks, wire weavers, pattern makers, etc.—almost the entire range of crafts in the American Federation of Labor—still bar Negroes either by constitutional provisions or by rituals. The CIO, of course, is specific about lifting the race barriers. Much credit must be given the International Ladies' Garment Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers for fighting against race barriers. But even so, all is not very rosy.

At the bottom of job discrimination is the race policy in the training of apprentices. Many great unions have long since been strictly family affairs; and with the depression, the Great Depression, Negroes were dropped wholesale from work they were just beginning to master. When we add to all this the fact that the old crafts which dominate the AFL are citadels of race discrimination, it is discouraging to observe that many CIO unions are rapidly slipping back into deep-seated prejudices. The CIO aircraft unions vie with those set up by the AFL in barring Negroes.

Hence, race hatred must be fought by organizations basically spiritual; for old Jim Crow rides through the cane brush with sacks wrapped around the horse's feet.

What became of my co-worker, the reader of THE COMMONWEAL? I found him slipping, too. He was reading passages about "lights going out in Europe," not quite grasping the significance of our project man. In many places in America our lights have never been lit.

Oak Scar

This way Indians went.
This years-hidden scar here on this tree lent
speed to passage: Sacs, Sioux,
Foxes, Winnebagos—under the blue
heaven, forest trees,
fled with the shy birds, the bees,
fled with the notches left behind
by someone gone before. Time out of mind,
the Indians left the land,
reluctant to go to sterile sand.

Mind filled with rents
and leases and food and women, problems of dollars
and cents
the amateur woodsman goes by the ancient scar
to and from his car.
He rejoices
at the sound of woodland voices.
He breaks himself a sprig
of bloom, and hears the snapping of a twig
content to fancy sound of deer
in every rabbit near.

Here on the tree within the orbit of his eye
the scar still is, but a blue-bottle fly
buzzing about is real as a humming-bird
and says more to him than the mute word
laid in the old oak bole: how the Black Hawk fought
and was never caught;
how the spent
old men and the women after went
down the river weary of breath,
seeking peace, meeting death.

The amateur woodsman a little wild
has his adventure, grave and mild:
a rabbit seen, a wild bird heard,
and nothing of the scar's mute word.

AUGUST DERLETH.

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"Politix" in Dakota

"When hearts beat hard, and brains, high-blooded, ticked."—*The Ring and the Book.*

By **T. D. Lyons**

WHEN my father brought the wagon train from Burr Oak, Iowa, to Prairie Queen, Dakota Territory, in the 70's, he had a letter in his pocket from the Vice President of the Milwaukee Railroad to Mr. R. F. Pettigrew, Attorney at Law, Sioux Falls, D. T. My father presented this letter, together with the requested filings of the wagon-train company, to Mr. Pettigrew late one May afternoon. After a pleasant chat, he arose to leave, whereupon Mr. Pettigrew said, "What time do you get up in the morning?" My father replied, "Well, we are all farmers, and can't sleep after daylight, but I suppose you won't want to see me earlier than tomorrow afternoon, or perhaps not that soon." "Oh, well," replied Mr. Pettigrew genially, "I am a farmer too, so drop in as soon as you have breakfast." My father answered, "Well, that will be right at 6:00 o'clock." The next morning, shortly after six, my father was at the small frame one-story building which bore a board sign announcing to the world, "R. F. Pettigrew, Land Office." Mr. Pettigrew pushed over the Land Office certificates showing that my father and his fellow members of the wagon train had legally filed on 480 acres each of fine Dakota land—160 acres homestead, 160 acres preemption, and 160 acres tree-claim. Mr. Pettigrew had proved fully as efficient as his friend, the Milwaukee Vice President, had prophesied. It was self-evident that the Land Office Register and his subordinates did not keep union hours when Mr. Pettigrew had business earlier. My father told us that Mr. Pettigrew's fees for his legal service were ridiculously low, but Mr. Pettigrew waived all thanks and all discussion of the meagerness of his fees with a question prompted by his real life interest, which was politics. He said, "Mr. Lyons, what is the politics of the members of your wagon-train company? I observe a great many Irish names in the list, and I have been wondering if you have any Democrats in the crowd." (Mr. Pettigrew was, even then, before he was 30 years old, spoken of as the Republican boss of Dakota Territory.) My father answered, "Well, Mr. Pettigrew, I am bound to be candid with you—we did have one Republican in the crowd when we left Burr Oak, but the boys found out about it and dropped him into the Big Sioux, at Luverne. I never heard whether he managed to swim back to the Minnesota shore, or went down the river to Sioux City."

Pettigrew got a good laugh out of this, but said, "Well, I'm glad that your crowd are Democrats. You may be interested in knowing that we haven't any Democrats in Dakota Territory. And a good many people think we don't need any of them, either. But my observation is that you never know what the future holds, and of course the day might come when we need Democrats in Dakota."

This was the beginning of a friendship which ended only with the Senator's life. Due to the tremendous area of Dakota Territory (equal at one time to the combined areas of Oklahoma and Texas), it was difficult to arrange a territorial-wide meeting. The representatives from Laramie County in the southwest and from the Pembina District in the northeast were as widely separated (taking transportation difficulties into account) as Chicago and El Paso. A few years after my father's arrival in the Territory, when R. F. Pettigrew had been elected Delegate in Congress from Dakota, there was strong agitation for statehood, and a general desire to have a meeting at Bismarck to discuss the question. The Republican Territorial Convention was scheduled to meet there, and Mr. Pettigrew invited my father and Tom Walsh (later Senator from Montana) to attend, under a formal safe-conduct guaranteeing that there would be no abuse of Democrats in that Republican Convention. My father and several other friends attended under this arrangement, and the peace protocol was scrupulously kept until the last hours of the convention. Then a "bloody-shirt" Republican got the floor and proceeded to lambast the Democrats with his favorite quotation—"I did not say that all Democrats were traitors—what I said was that all traitors were Democrats."

Tom Walsh excitedly seized my father's arm and said, "Dick, what can we do with that damn fool? Frank Pettigrew ought to stand by his word." My father arose and made a point of order against the gentleman's remarks, stating that he and other Democrats had traveled 450 miles to attend the meeting, merely for territorial purposes, under an agreement that not one word of criticism of Democrats would even be suggested.

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Mr. Pettigrew, who had been absent, came into the hall at that moment and most vigorously stated that my father's point of order was well taken, should be sustained, and that the speaker who was abusing the Democrats was as senseless as a wild ass of the Asian steppes. The convention by a gale of laugher applauded the ruling of the chair, sustaining the point of order, and the cognomen "Wild Ass of the Prairie" clung ever after to Major Pickeral, the over-patriotic Grand Army orator.

In 1889, when my father was elected delegate to the Constitutional Convention at Sioux Falls, the Republican Party was in charge of the convention, and Mr. Pettigrew was said to be in charge of the Republican Party. In any event, he saw to it that his old friend and client was appointed on all the important committees. My father had another very pleasant experience connected with the convention. The Democrats unanimously opposed constitutional prohibition, and nominated a full slate of convention officers, which was, of course, foredoomed to defeat. Their candidate for chaplain of the convention was Episcopal Bishop Hare, with whom my father formed a warm and lasting friendship.

Cleveland

In 1892, when, to the surprise of all the Dakotans, Grover Cleveland was elected President, Senator Pettigrew pointedly advised my father that Cleveland was going to drive all the western Democrats out of the party with his gold standard policies, and jocularly urged my father to make ready for re-baptism as a Republican. The Senator added, "I have observed, though, that the Irish Democrats are just about as likely to leave the Catholic Church as they are to quit the Democratic Party." My father replied, "Frank, if you will read history, you will find that the Democratic Party opposed the ostracism of Catholics and Irishmen when your Republican party and its predecessors, the Whigs and the Know-Nothings, made intolerance one of their principal doctrines. One of the great calamities," my father continued, "was the defeat of Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency. There would have been no Civil War and no consolidated government, with the twin evils of the tariff and the trusts, if he had been elected. Slavery would have disappeared anyway, by a compromise, and payment of compensation, and there would have been no race hatred." "Well," said Pettigrew, "it was the fire-eaters of the South, like old Ben Tillman today, who wrecked your party at Charleston, in 1860. Secession began there, but, of course, it was a blessing for the Union, because it brought Abraham Lincoln into the presidency, and gave us the party of free men and free homes. Speaking of Catholics, one of the best Republicans and most patriotic Americans I know of is Archbishop John Ireland, of St. Paul. I had dinner with him and Jim Hill the other night, and they are both hoping for the day when William McKinley will be President."

President Cleveland's second administration was indeed ill-starred, from the standpoint of a western Democrat. He vetoed the pension bill and went fishing on Memorial Day, and these events brought forth a terrible berating from the Grand Army Republicans. Then times got hard, and the most active occupation in the land was that of the sheriff, crying foreclosure sales. The West was in revolt. The eastern Democrats opposed the income tax, and voted for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act, thereby, according to Senator Pettigrew, fastening the gold standard on the country.

One hot afternoon in the summer of 1895, the Senator called at the Redstone mercantile establishment to see my father. There was with him a tall, hazel-eyed, handsome young man, with long raven-black hair, whom the Senator introduced as a Democratic statesman from Nebraska. When this gentleman departed for the hotel, the Senator remained behind, to leave with my father a birthday gift of a quart of choice "liquor," saying that the gentleman who had just departed was a "white ribboner." He added, "He's a spellbinder, though, from the forks of the creek. His delivery is just as good as Will Sterling's, although he is not as strong on reasoning power and logic as Will. He has made a study of the money question too, and I think you and he, and all the other western Democrats, had better get ready to support a silver man like McKinley for President." My father said that if he were as good an orator as Will Sterling, then he was a "grass-cutter." He added that the best orator the Democrats had, in his opinion, was John G. Carlisle, then in Cleveland's Cabinet. He then said, "Frank, it looks to me as if Mark Hanna and the Gold Democrats are going to run your party, and you will have no place to light except in the bandwagon of 'Silver Dick' Bland."

Sure enough, there was tremendous excitement in the Redstone mercantile establishment in June, 1896, when the Sioux Falls *Press* carried a boxcar headline to the effect that Senator Pettigrew and a dozen other Republican Senators had "walked out" of the Republican National Convention at St. Louis, when that convention adopted the "money plank" dictated by Mark Hanna.

But a still greater thrill came the second week in July, when the news came of the speech of a young man from Nebraska, known as the "boy orator of the Platte." There was a magnificent picture the next day in the Chicago *Record Herald* entitled, "The Cross of Gold," and under it, "Penportrait of the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, whose speech, yesterday, on the money

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question, makes him a possibility for the presidential nomination."

My father looked hard and earnestly at this picture, then he said, "Well, by George, that's the young fellow Frank Pettigrew brought in here a year ago, when he left me that bottle of Canadian Club. Well, this is a surprise!" That night, he read the speech aloud to us, and said, "I believe he will be nominated and elected."

Bryan

In October of that year the news came that William J. Bryan had electrified the East with his magnetic eloquence, and that silver crosses were blazing in a triumphal trail of victory from Florida to Maine. There was a feeble rumor that even South Dakota, the ramparted stronghold of Grand Army Republicanism, was wavering. The news came that Bryan would sweep through Dakota like a prairie cyclone. Senator Pettigrew consulted my father as to routing his tour. Bryan spoke at Sioux City at 9:00 A.M. to 30,000 people; made eight speeches between there and Sioux Falls; spoke for an hour at Sioux Falls to 50,000, and the word came that he was en route to Huron and would pass through Redstone at 6:00 P.M., but that the train would not stop because the railroad officials would not consent. Ten thousand people had gathered at Redstone. My father hitched the Hambletonians to a buggy, and we drove the fifteen miles to St. Marys in an hour. There my father telegraphed a railroad magnate in Chicago and had an answer back immediately that the Bryan train would stop seven minutes at Redstone. We drove on to Vilas, put the team in the livery barn and boarded the train when it stopped for the Milwaukee crossing. In just a few minutes my father was in earnest conversation with Senator Pettigrew and other State leaders, including the Democratic candidate for Governor, Honorable Andrew E. Lee, of Vermillion. At the news that my father was on the train, Pat Wickham, General Mark Sheafe and Hugh Smith rushed forward, and when he produced the telegram authorizing the stop at Redstone, they hugged him. Senator Pettigrew said, "We'll soon be there. I'll notify Clancy [the man who had charge of Bryan's arrangements]. Come on, Tom," he said to me, "and shake hands with the next President."

My father and I followed him down the aisle of the car, which was full of smoke. Near the other end, a big bulky man was stretched out asleep, covered with an overcoat. In a minute or two Clancy awakened him. He was in his undershirt and trousers, and I wondered how he would get his shirt, collar and tie on in time to speak. As he sat up, a man helped him into his unlaced shoes. Another man held a bucket of ice water and a towel. The big man with the black hair splashed ice water all over his head and neck and gave it one wipe with the towel. Then he pulled a silk muffler around his throat, pulled on a big double-breasted overcoat over his undershirt, buttoned it up tight to his throat, put on a black ranchman's hat and followed my father out onto the platform. The crowd was so silent with astonishment that you could hear a pin drop. Then my father said, "Fellow citizens, the Democratic candidate for President refused to go through Redstone without greeting you. I introduce William Jennings Bryan." There was a shout, as exultant and fierce as ever split the welkin at a Roman gladiatorial show. Then the magic of the eloquent orator's voice fused all hearts in that crowd into one with its magnetism. He had expected to speak seven minutes, but the engineer started the train at the end of the third minute; and Bryan said, "It is evident that I leave you unwillingly, but now I must go. I want you each to take this question and decide it for yourselves. What makes our country great is the responsibility of the individual citizen. But, if you need any advice as to whom to put in the White House, I suggest that your own citizens, like the great Republican leader, Senator Pettigrew, and the staunch Democratic leader, R. F. Lyons, are safer advisers for you to follow than Mark Hanna, the Standard Oil magnate, who owns the Republican party." The train had now gathered speed, but the cheers of the crowd could be heard for a quarter of a mile.

I saw that Mr. Bryan took another ice water splash, laid aside his hat, covered himself with the overcoat, and went back to a peaceful sleep. That night, at 9:00 o'clock, he spoke to 50,000 in a Dakota October wind at Huron, and went on and spoke to 30,000 more at Aberdeen at 2:00 A.M. There were no "loud-speakers" then, but everyone heard the golden voice, with its sonorous swell, that, aloft and clear, was sent to the last verge of the vast audience, "as when in the belfry arch is swung the silvery bell."

On the Sunday before election our hopes were high. Hugh Smith and Pat Wickham came with Father Ahern for dinner, and in the afternoon General Sheafe arrived. There was a discussion as to Bryan's chances for election. My father said that we would know something, he thought, in the next hour, as Senator Pettigrew was in a nation-wide conference in Chicago, and had promised to send him a wire. Sure enough, in a little time, the telegram came. My father read it over for almost a full minute without a word. Then he lighted a cigar and passed the telegram over to Pat Wickham. Mr. Wickham also read it in silence and handed it to General Sheafe and Hugh Smith. My mother finally said, "Well, what in the world is the mystery?" My father answered, reassuringly, "Well, Frank says everything is all right. He merely advises against betting on

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Bryan's election." "Well," my mother said, "that means that it's all over for poor Mr. Bryan." Hugh Smith said, "That's my version of it too. When Frank Pettigrew won't take a chance and bet his money, the chances are slim." "Well," said Pat Wickham, "we will elect Andy Lee, anyhow." And they did.

In 1908 my father was State Chairman, and in January, 1909, Senator Pettigrew invited him and his friends to have breakfast with Bryan at the Senator's stock farm near Sioux Falls. Cakes, sausage and maple syrup constituted the principal dish. At each man's plate there was a fine big water glass of golden maple syrup. The glass at Bryan's plate really contained maple syrup; the Dakota pioneers each had a glass full of the Senator's celebrated Bourbon. At the end of the breakfast, Senator Pettigrew's blunt speech manifested itself. He said, "Bryan, in 1896 we all thought you were going to win. And, maybe you did, and just didn't have the right men doing the counting. In 1900, of course, you had no show; but this last time, Dick Lyons and I were both badly fooled. Tell us just how the hell it feels to get the stuffing beaten out of you three times for the Presidency."

The Commoner met the situation nobly. He said, "Senator Pettigrew, and my pioneer Dakota friends, let me answer that statement by quoting your own Dakota proverb, 'When a man sleeps on the ground, he's in no danger of falling out of bed.'"

The epilogue is contained in a book entitled "Western Democrat," by the late Arthur F. Mullen, for many years Democratic National Committeeman from Nebraska, and floor leader for the Roosevelt forces at Chicago in 1932. Mr. Mullen comments on Bryan's vote in 1912, against the majority report of the Credentials Committee, which had seated the Pettigrew-Andy Lee-Champ Clark delegation from South Dakota. Mr. Mullen says: ". . . Dick Lyons, Chairman of the State Central Committee (South Dakota), who had the right to issue the credentials . . . declared the [Clark] ticket victorious over the Wilson-Bryan ticket. The South Dakotans on the Wilson-Bryan ticket were so cognizant of the justice of Lyons's action that they were willing to compromise. . . ."

So all the passionate hearts are dust,
And dust the great ideas which burned
In varying forms of love and lust
'Till the world's brain was turned.

Robert Southwell in London

The Jesuit martyr in Tudor England.

By **D. H. Moseley**

BLESSED ROBERT SOUTHWELL of the Society of Jesus, priest, poet and martyr, arrived in London from Rome in July, 1586, the summer of the Babington Plot, and two years after the passing of the statute 27 Eliz.c.2., which made it an act of treason punishable with death for a native-born subject of Queen Elizabeth, ordained since the beginning of her reign, to remain in England longer than forty days. Some scholars hold that Shakespeare went to London the same year. According to tradition, Shakespeare minded horses outside of Burbage's Theatre or the Curtain; Southwell is said to have gone first to the home of Lord Vaux in Hackney, then to have taken up his abode in the attics of Arundel House in the Strand, where the Countess of Arundel, whose husband Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, was a prisoner "for religion" in the Tower, retained apartments and the garden. Shakespeare's arrival was of no moment, but Sir Francis Walsingham was apprised by his spies of the coming of a slim, beardless, auburn-haired gentleman, twenty-five years old, who was wont to go "attired in black rash." Such was the description of Southwell, who, fearless and matter of fact, and serenely aware of his danger, usually shunned the elaborate dress affected for disguise by his confrères.

Walsingham did not encourage the priest-hunter Topcliffe to apprehend Lady Anne's new chaplain. After all, Lady Anne was one of the first ladies of the land in her own right, and Philip Howard, son of the late Duke of Norfolk and former ward of Lord Burleigh, had once been a great favorite with Queen Elizabeth, whom he had flattered with bouquets and tourneys and gifts of gorgeous jewels. When the time came, it would be easy enough to condemn the young priest under the new statute, for he had been born at Horsham Saint Faith's, near Norwich, a former Benedictine priory, presented to his grandfather Sir Richard Southwell by King Henry VIII. Walsingham was not likely to lose sight of a Catholic so prominently placed; he could afford to wink at the com-

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ings and goings of the inconspicuous gentleman who celebrated Mass at Arundel House and ministered to the Countess and the Catholic members of her household. If he set up a Catholic press there or elsewhere, so much to the good; maybe he could be trapped into a fine conspiracy as the young daredevil Anthony Babington had been that very year.

Hagiographers like to picture Southwell hidden away in an upper chamber translating into English, and fashioning according to the ornate taste of the sixteenth century, such works of devotion as "Saint Peter's Complaint," "Mary Magdalen's Tears" and Estrella's "Hundred Meditations on the Love of God"; and men of letters becloud with discussions of euphuism their accounts of the writing of "An Epistle of Comfort," "A Short Rule of Good Life," "The Triumphs over Death," "An Humble Supplication to Her Majesty" and the touching short poems on the childhood and passion of our Lord. Southwell as a quiet but intrepid adventurer and saint, as a spirited young man who certainly spent much time out of priest-holes as well as in them, has somehow escaped us, slipped away from us as he did from Topcliffe.

It is interesting to recall the places in London which must have lured Southwell from his attic. Remember, his was the city that Shakespeare knew, largely destroyed eight decades after his arrival by the Great Fire, but fortunately not before John Stow described it in his "Survaye of London," and John Norden made his vivid maps. The Thames was its great artery, crowded with barges and noisy watermen and used by the populace as Venetians use their Grand Canal. Mansions such as Arundel House, Paget House, Somerset House and Durham House (where Sir Walter Raleigh smoked to his servant's dismay) rose between the Strand and the river; these had gardens, terraces and water gates, and when their residents wished to reach Westminster or Lambeth or the Tower, they went by boat. London Bridge was lined with houses and shops, and heads of traitors were exposed on its gate; Southwell, who rightly expected martyrdom, must have looked at them and thought of Sir Thomas More and Bishop John Fisher. The Tower fascinated him, of course; his hero, Edmund Campion, had been confined there in Little Ease. He was to know the vast pile well enough in years to come, but now he was carefully excluded, for Philip Howard, to whom he sent secretly letters of spiritual direction and whom he knew to be living the life of a saint, was such a close prisoner that he never met him, never saw him, save, perhaps, from a distance as he paced the roofs for exercise. There were other less impregnable prisons where less important recusants were in durance; to these Southwell possibly had access, for keepers had a liking for gold coins.

There was the Clink, in Southwark, where Father William Weston, Lady Anne's former chaplain, was held until transferred to Wisbeach Castle: and Newgate, with its dank subterranean dungeon of Limbo: and Gatehouse, where Richard Lovelace was to write "Stone walls do not a prison make." In the two last, as in the Tower, the young priest would be imprisoned.

Fleet Street was a haunt of Southwell's, as of all bookish people. He had a room there, probably a sort of office, to and from which he must often have walked pondering means of smuggling a manuscript to a printer, for there were intrepid printers who used English pot paper for works presumably "imprinted at Paris." Gabriel Cawood seems to have been bold enough to have one of Southwell's works licensed by the Bishop of London and registered by the Stationers' Company about a year before its author was sent to the Tower, although William Carter had been hanged, drawn and quartered for printing "naughtye papysticall books" within the decade. London publishers have a heritage of courage, not belied lately by the occupants of bombed Paternoster Row.

Lincoln's Inn

Southwell could scarcely resist visiting Lincoln's Inn, associated with Sir Thomas More, and he must sometimes have lingered around the Inner and Middle Temple, pausing in the courts, perhaps, and thinking of far-away Rome and gentle Saint Philip Neri, for he had spent much of his young life at the English College across the piazza from Saint Philip's rooms at San Girolamo della Carità, and had been one of the group of students always greeted by the saint, *"Salvete flores martyrum!"*

Alas, during the present war, the Temple, spared by the Great Fire of 1666, and one of the few places that remained much as Southwell saw it, has been laid in ruins, and bombs have fallen in nearby Bread Street, through which he may have hurried in the hope of glimpsing some of the verse-loving habitués of Cheapside, even some of the frequenters of the Mermaid Tavern. True, Sir Philip Sidney had recently died of his wounds in the Low Countries, and Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were too young to be considered, but Kit Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh were in their prime; Spenser had already published his "Shepherd's Calendar," and was at work on the "Faerie Queene"; Drayton, Lodge, Greene and Thomas Campion were alive, and Elizabethan literature was in the making. Southwell, fresh from the renaissance of Catholic letters in Rome, and preoccupied with method and style in his own devotional writing, contributed to its development. His works were widely circulated in manuscript by Catholics and Protestants alike; it is likely that

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Shakespeare read some of them; certainly Ben Jonson praised his "Burning Babe," and Francis Bacon borrowed from Topcliffe and lent to his brother Anthony a copy of his "Supplication," with the comment, "It is curiously written, and worth the writing out for the art."

Close to the Strand and Fleet Street and the peaceful Temple was Old Saint Paul's, not the dome-crowned Wren structure bombed last December, but an earlier building against which the stalls of booksellers nestled, for in those days recently demolished Paternoster Row was not nearly so important in the book trade as Saint Paul's Church Yard. If an inconspicuous gentleman attired in black rash sometimes paged the volumes displayed in the stalls, it probably did not occur to him that his name would be forever linked with the site. In 1596, the year after his martyrdom, "The Triumphs over Death," written by him for Philip Howard, was printed and bore the legend "to be solde at Nicholas Lings shop at the West end of Paules Church"; in 1609, "Mary Magdalen's Tears" was "printed for William Leake dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the holy Ghost." "Saint Peter's Complaint" was sold at William Barret's "shop in Pauls Church at the signe of the Pidgeons." Were there pigeons around Saint Paul's even then, and are they flocking there today in spite of the havoc that reigns there?

Southwell did not always remain close to Arundel House. He frequently said Mass in the country houses of recusants, and had several narrow escapes from poursuivants. Once, when he was beginning Mass at five o'clock, searchers pounded on the door. While servants held them off, he removed his vestments, stripped the altar and retired with Father John Gerard and other priests to an underground hiding place, there to remain for four wet, dreary hours. He was not a successful impersonator of courtier or sportsman, however, and his fellow priests, who went on their missions disguised as swashbucklers, evidently preferred to leave him at Arundel House. There he had sufficient employment in writing, in assisting Lady Anne in her many good works and in comforting her, for hers was a hard life, thanks, in part, to the fact that Queen Elizabeth seemed to bear her a personal grudge. Perhaps he was with the Countess and her little daughter and the small son that the Queen never let Philip Howard see, the night before the Earl's trial in April, 1589, two years after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. That night a nightingale sang in the gardens of Arundel House.

Avoiding politics

Doubtless his life as a chaplain helped him to avoid politics as resolutely as he did. In his letters to his superiors, he denounced the folly of the Babington Plot, and deplored the effects of the Armada on the lot of Catholics; when he described the sufferings of the recusants due to the excesses of the government, he added, as a true Englishman, that they "should not be regarded as a disgrace to the nation, but as the outcome of pestilent heresy." Most of his writing was devotional, in content suggesting the sweet reasonableness of Saint Philip Neri and Saint Francis de Sales, but, when Elizabeth's Proclamation against Catholics was issued in November, 1591, he straightway replied with "An Humble Supplication to Her Majesty," a dignified and moving statement of the recusants' position, which was broadcast in manuscript.

Topcliffe's day had come; it had irked him to let the young priest move about at will. He got hold of a copy of the "Supplication," perhaps in May, 1592, and he determined to "topcliffizare" the author. The following June, he persuaded Anne Bellamy, the daughter of Richard Bellamy of Uxenden Hall, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, who had been in his power since she was arrested "for religion" the previous January, to betray Southwell into his hands. The unhappy girl yielded, and sent so urgent a message to the young priest requesting his presence at her father's house that he left his room in Fleet Street and rode the six miles to Uxenden Hall. There, twelve hours after his arrival, he was apprehended in the priest-hole. He was taken to Topcliffe's "stronge chamber in Westminster Church Yearde," and tortured most horribly. Topcliffe's letter to Queen Elizabeth describing the seizure and torture is extant. Southwell refused to mention the name of a single Catholic, even his own, lest others be implicated, even the color of the horse he rode, lest by means of it some person be identified. He was thrown in Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, that being close to Topcliffe's "stronge chamber," and remained there until four weeks and two days later when, on his father's petition, he was removed to the Tower, a slightly cleaner if a lonelier place.

It seems possible from a note of Father Gerard's that Southwell was confined in the Cradle Tower, from which Father Gerard himself escaped by scrambling down a rope several years later. His imprisonment was solitary, even stricter than that of Philip Howard who was in Beauchamp and allowed "the liberty of the leads." Southwell had no writing materials, a cruel deprivation for him, but he did have a Bible, a Breviary and a work of Saint Bernard's. Sometimes Philip Howard's dog, accorded a privilege denied his master, followed the Lieutenant of the Tower to Southwell's cell.

He was a prisoner nearly three years, but finally, having petitioned for trial, he was brought up before the Court of King's Bench in Westminster

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Hall, and was tried for treason under Statute 27 Eliz.c.2. Sir John Popham was Lord Chief Justice, and Sir Edward Coke, Queen's Attorney General. There are vivid accounts of the trial in two contemporary documents, "A brefe discourse of the condemnation and execution of Mr. Robert Southwell" and a letter written in Italian by Father Henry Garnet, both to be found in the publications of the Catholic Record Society. Southwell acknowledged himself the Queen's subject, native born, a Catholic priest, and he managed, in spite of the Court and of Topcliffe who was present, to give some account of the torture to which he had been subjected, hoping thus to mitigate the sufferings of other recusants. Needless to say, the jury's verdict was that he was guilty under the statute, and when the Lord Chief Justice ordered that he be carried to Newgate, dragged thence on a hurdle to Tyburn, and there hanged, drawn and quartered, Southwell bowed low and thanked him courteously. Under that same ancient timber roof, which was partially burned on the night of May 10, this year, when the Houses of Parliament were bombed, Sir Thomas More and Edmund Campion had heard their sentences with like serenity.

There is something touching and homely and very English in the accounts of the incidents that followed. When there was a question of whether the prisoner should be conducted by water to Newgate, as was usual, it was decided that he would go peaceably enough by land. In the Limbo of Newgate, where he was fortunately the only prisoner that night, he had a bed, a fire and a candle burning; he received wine and broth from friends; his keeper was kindly and seemed to sense the holiness of the gentle convict, and later refused to part with a nightcap that Southwell had given him as a souvenir when he was about to be bound on the hurdle.

On February 21, 1595, Southwell was dragged from Newgate Prison, which stood where the Criminal Courts were erected in our century, through present day High Holborn and Oxford Street to Tyburn Gallows, which was close to the site of the modern Marble Arch. Bombs have fallen in that neighborhood recently, some on Buckingham Palace, and doubtless the words of Saint Paul, repeated by Southwell as the hangman pulled him from the hurdle to the cart, have been in the hearts of many, "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord."

It is said that his face shone as the sun was breaking through clouds when he prayed for the Queen, whose loyal subject he still was, and for England, his country, made the sign of the cross, and murmured, as the cart was gently drawn from beneath him, "Lord into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE SHIFTS and dodges and somersaults, the twistings and wrigglings of our American communists, especially of their publicity agents, in striving to explain and justify Stalin's policies before and since the outbreak of the war are notorious and would be grimly comic were it not for the seriousness of the great issues involved. But the communists are not the only ones who must face embarrassments forced upon them by the dictatorial nature of the régimes which they are obliged to support at all costs, including the sacrifice of their own intellectual integrity. For example the propagandists of the pro-nazi party in Spain were committed to a policy of collaboration with Hitler, which the latter had earned, from the Spanish Phalangist point of view, by aiding Spain in the Civil War to overcome the danger of communism and anarchism in that country. When Hitler suddenly became an ally of Stalin, and the nazis and communists jointly slaughtered and dismembered Catholic Poland and began the Second World War, the Spanish totalitarians were momentarily confused, but soon rallied from their shock and explained in their newspaper and radio propaganda that it was quite all right for Hitler to make use of Stalin now, because the victory over communism won in Spain had eliminated Marxian internationalism as a danger in all of Europe.

But now a new turn must be taken. Hitler has called upon them to bring Spain into his revived "crusade of Christendom against atheistic communism," now being fought by Hitler in Russia. So, in Spain, what was dismissed as an exploded peril a few months ago reappears in propaganda. The new element in the somersault is to represent Great Britain and the United States, the "plutodemocracies," as the major support of atheistic communism. In that fashion, it is hoped, Latin America as well as the puppet governments of nazified Europe will join actively with Hitler, and the United States will be so shaken and divided that it will cease to count as an active enemy of Hitler, and after being "softened-up" and weakened in will and separated from Great Britain, may be safely counted upon to elect a new administration based upon the policy of collaboration with Hitler, leading to the eventual participation by our country in the Hitlerian "new order." There are many signs of the spreading of this sort of propaganda in the United States, as well as in Spain and France and South and Central America, and very evidently so in Ireland. And the policy adopted in any important matter in Ireland always plays a great part in public opinion in the United States.

Under the Irish censorship, it is abundantly clear that what the Irish people are permitted to know about the great issues at stake in the world conflict is heavily weighted in favor of Hitlerism. Not, of course, because Eire is controlled by Irish converts to Hitlerism, or that the Irish people really desire to help Hitler and to become his willing slaves in the event of his victory over Great

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Britain, but simply because the rulers of Eire, who maintain a censorship as strict as any country in Europe, will not permit the publication in press or broadcast of material they know would be offensive to the nazis, and thus tend to involve Eire in the war. "Safety first—for Eire" is the simple policy—the same policy that so many other small nations used to follow before they were swallowed up, one by one, apart and solitary, when the nazi monster was good and ready. Eire's chances to escape such a fate, of course, seem better than those of the other small nations, for after all Hitler may yet lose the war, defeated by Great Britain and Britain's allies and helpers.

The extent to which is carried the policy of depriving Irish readers and radio listeners in Eire of information that might arouse nazi resentment may be seen in the following memorandum, which I have received from a most reliable source. It deals with discussions in the Irish Dail and Senate concerning censorship.

> First, there was the matter of His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, whose broadcasts have been treated in so arbitrary a fashion, that the matter was made one of the main points of attack on the Irish Censor in the Senate: Senator Frank MacDermot wanting to know why the British Cardinal was so constantly subjected to suppression.
>
> Mr. Frank Aitkin, the Minister for Coordination and Defense, endeavored to excuse his Department by urging that the Cardinal was a patriotic Englishman, and as such spoke too much in favor of his own country. This seemed a poor defense to Senator Desmond Fitzgerald, who pointed out that Cardinal Hinsley was one of the highest spiritual authorities in the Catholic Church—a prince of the Church and thus entitled to be heard. If a German Cardinal made an important statement in reply to him, he was entitled to be heard too.
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> Mr. Aitkin argued that some of Cardinal Hinsley's matter was stamped "for publication in Eire only"—a suggestion that has been officially denied by Archbishop's House, Westminster.
>
> It is indeed plain that while undue attention has been given to the acts of the British censor, there is dissatisfaction in Ireland itself with the methods of their own. In addition to the debate in the Senate, a similar attack was made in the Dail.
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> In the Senate debate, Senator MacDermot pointed out that one of the main defects of Irish censorship was the deplorable lengths to which the suggestion that there was no moral difference between the belligerents had been carried.
>
> The Dail debate gave many instances of this, showing how the Irish censor has forbidden the circulation of "The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich" and "The Persecution of the Catholic Church in German-Occupied Poland," both being books of importance issued by a Catholic publisher (Burns and Oates), and the former compiled by a Catholic priest from authentic sources.
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> As Mr. James Dillon declared, the Irish were a Catholic and a Christian people, and in withholding such facts the Irish censorship went beyond all reason.
>
> Withhold them it does. It forbids all mention of the nazi persecution of the Catholic religion in Germany, declaring "not a line, not a word" shall be printed in the Press of Ireland. (Debate on the Censorship Motion in Dail Eireann, 3 April, 1941.)
>
> Yet it discriminates. It allowed the Irish newspapers to reprint from the Spanish paper *Ya*, a favorable but false lecture on the well-being of Catholics under the Hitler régime, given by the notorious excommunicated priest and professor, Dr. Krawceck of Breslau, but the detailed exposure of Dr. Krawceck's lies issued from the Vatican was forbidden.
>
> The Irish censorship has, indeed, shown a strange discrimination against the Vatican. When the Vatican was forced to deny a series of five false rumors concerning itself put out by the nazis, it refused to print the full statement from the Vatican, so that Ireland had no means of knowing and correcting these lies.
>
> It allowed the printing of the nazi version of their new labor laws forbidding vocations, but forbade the Vatican's exposure of those laws as methods meant to kill religious orders.

Will the censorship in Eire permit Hitler to exploit his ersatz "crusade" against atheistic communism in the Irish press fully and freely, while still suppressing the publication of all authentic information—even that from the Vatican—as to the deadly nature of the nazi persecution of Catholicism?

Communications

FOR A NEGOTIATED PEACE

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: To win a complete military victory for either side in this war may take years—bloody years, years of horror, starvation, destruction and disease for millions of people in many lands. Victory after such a struggle would offer but little hope that men will be prepared to build a better world.

How can the present stalemate be broken? Is a negotiated peace with Hitler to be advocated as the sole alternative to chaos and prostration? If Britain were to negotiate with Hitler, she would announce to the world and to her own people her defeat, the defeat of the cause of freedom and democracy which, as matters stand, would also amount to a crushing moral defeat for America. A negotiated peace with Hitler on any basis whatever constitutes morally and politically a Hitler victory, because Hitlerism itself is one of the principal issues of this war.

Only in one way can the tragedy that has engulfed Europe be brought to an end. The Germans themselves must create the prerequisite for ending it. They must eliminate Adolf Hitler and his gang; they must break the rule of the nazi party and of the Gestapo; they must put trustworthy and respectable men into the positions that are now held by gangsters. In destroying the octopus of Berchtesgaden the German people must serve notice to the world that they repudiate his means and methods and are ready to become an integral part of a commonwealth of free and Christian European peoples.

Is there a chance of Hitler being overthrown from within? I definitely believe there is—provided the positive and honorable elements in Germany find some encouragement from abroad. A revolution or general mutiny seems to be out of the question in the predictable future because of the disciplined and patriotic character of the German masses and because of the iron-clad organization of the totalitarian state. But the potential strength of the anti-nazi forces should not be underrated; it is growing everywhere within Germany, among organized labor, among the religious groups, in the civil service, in business,

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and among the armed forces which are, after all, nothing but the German people in arms. Few if any complaints have been heard in the course of this war against the behavior of the regular German troops. Their morale and discipline are high—in spite and not because of the fact that Hitler is their commander-in-chief. For the genuine bitterness and disgust with which many of these troops as well as their commanding officers regard the S.S. and the nazi scourge, I can vouch personally. It may be a sad comment—though, I maintain, on human nature rather than on the German character—that Cologne and Hamburg had to be laid in ruins like Coventry and Plymouth and hundreds of thousands of German youths had to die before the disillusionment of the German people with nazism became a potent force. Yet, they are disillusioned—and this is one of the most hopeful factors in the general picture!

How can the constructive and decent elements in Germany be helped to sweep the nazis from power and to prepare the road for peace negotiations? Fortunately, this problem seems to be recognized with increasing clearness in the democracies. Vice President Wallace's Burlington speech and the outline of American peace ideals by Sumner Welles, both distinguishing sharply between the nazis and the German people, were gratifying and encouraging to every patriotic anti-nazi German. Together with farsighted British pronouncements on peace, such as the Malvern declaration and labor-leader Atlee's recent utterances, these statements will have contributed more toward the destruction of Hitlerism and toward the preparation of a satisfactory peace than any of the unrealistic and undemocratic "plans" for carving up Germany or for putting her under some form of tutelage, which only serve as grist to Hitler's domestic propaganda mill.

A clear enunciation on the part of the democracies of a policy aiming at a freely negotiated peace with a de-nazified Germany would hold out a new light of hope before the eyes of millions of people in all countries. It may become the final signal for Hitler's overthrow. If the American advocates of a negotiated peace would focus their demand on negotiations with a de-nazified Germany instead of on appeasement of the insatiable Hitler, their efforts would most certainly find new support in the United States, in Britain and in Germany. It is to be hoped that the leading German liberals in England and America who are trusted and respected both in the democracies and by the German people will do their part in serving as "transmitters" between the constructive and peace minded forces on either side of the fighting fronts. Theirs is a unique and grave responsibility.

In order to be durable, the peace to come must be politically just and economically sound. It must aspire to give equal opportunity, the right of self-determination and security to all, to the small as well as to the large nations, to all nationalities and creeds. It should make restitution where injustice and injury has been done; it should contain strong mutual safeguards; but it should not be vindictive, because no lasting peace can be had without the voluntary cooperation of the German people in the new international order. The peace to come must

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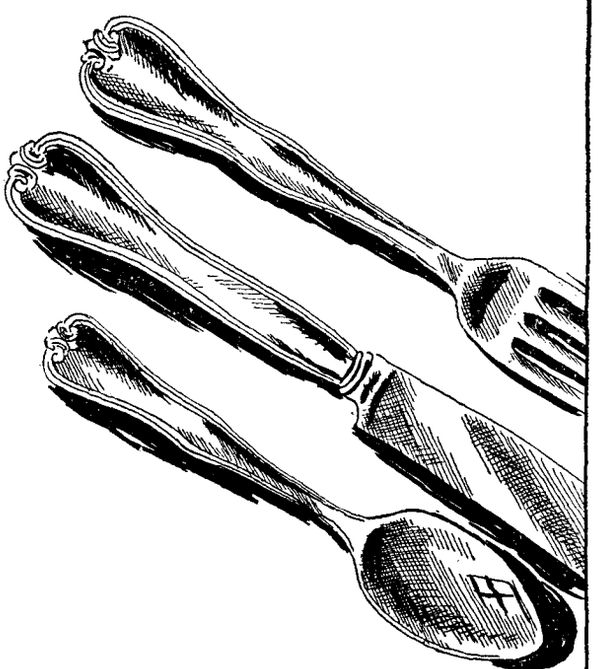

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be freely negotiated, Christian, democratic—a truly European peace. The new Germany herself, if she is to succeed internally and externally, will have to rest on broad social and democratic foundations. She will have to win back, slowly and through hard effort, the confidence that Hitler's mad policies have destroyed. The German people will have to work out for themselves a new synthesis between authority and freedom, a new synthesis also between tradition and progress. They will have to rediscover their historical function of serving as medium between the East and the West in the very heart of Europe. They will have to start a new phase of their national life in order to contribute their share to the supernational commonwealth of free European peoples. The tasks are many and difficult. But they can be solved—with faith and with courage.

HANS SCHMIDT.

The Screen

Busman's Holiday

PERHAPS I was slow at discovering it, but I found a new use for the movies during my vacation in Chicago. With the pavements steaming and the temperature sizzling up in the brackets where it had no right to be, I found relief in cinema's gaudy but air-cooled palaces. As for what I saw there—well, that's another matter, but at least I didn't have to stick around for the stage show or the other picture on the double bill. Chicago sees the same films as New York, San Francisco and Gopher Prairie; and again I was reminded, as I traveled through the Middle West and saw the same pictures advertised in each city and hamlet, what a great national common denominator the movies are. I also regretted that the films themselves are so mediocre and patrons everywhere labor under the curse of the double bill. Poor pictures and the two-for-one features are mainly responsible for the falling-off of attendances. One of these days when its pocketbook is hit hard enough, Hollywood will get wise to itself. Furthermore, people don't always go to the movies just to escape the heat.

The Chicago audience with whom I saw *"Kiss the Boys Goodbye"* were lethargic about the picture and could hardly be blamed. If they expected to find Clare Booth wit, they were certainly let down. As for the social significance which Miss Booth said was in her original comedy, hardly anyone was successful in finding that in the first place. "Kiss the Boys" was really unwisely chosen as cinema material, but by the time the Booth satire, sting and sex were removed, the result is a pretty empty shell. Those who saw the original will remember it satirized moviedom's search for a Scarlett O'Hara. Now the film laughs at the efforts of some Broadway producers to find the lead for that great epic of the Civil War, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." The whole affair, under Victor Schertzinger's direction, is done with music. The feeble plot, without Miss Booth's subtlety, seems a little silly; so the gaps are filled in with musical numbers. Connie Boswell and Rochester relieve the tedium with "Sand in My Shoes." Oscar Levant pulls off a few good lines slyly and plays the piano. Mary Martin and Don Ameche sing a duet. Miss Martin does her best movie rôle to date as Cindy Lou Bethany, the girl from the South who went North but returned to the South to be discovered as the sugary, cotton-mouthed, colonel's-daughter type. Her strip-tease to "That's How I Got My Start" tries to recapture the effect of her first musical comedy number, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," but even Mary's coy undressing cannot make a hit out of a slow, dull picture. And Producer Paul Jones has his nerve to give us another Hollywood version of a Long Island house party with super-lavish sets, thousands of bathing beauties and so much and so forth.

Chicagoans rolled in the aisles at *"Hold That Ghost,"* and I, I rolled with 'em. Laughter is contagious, and there was so much good, hearty laughter as Abbott and Costello carried on that I could hardly hear the lines. The mad comedians were at their best as they went to new heights of burlesque and slapstick. Arthur Lubin, who directed the boys through their army and navy pictures, guided them through the screams, spooks and haunted house stuff of this comedy. The musical numbers, obviously added as an afterthought, don't detract from the fun. That good showman Ted Lewis leads his band and sings a couple of old songs. The Andrews Sisters are on hand to sway and croon—but not too often, in case their idea of music is not your idea of music. Richard Carlson and Evelyn Ankers carry on a minor love affair that doesn't complicate the slight plot. And Joan Davis, who hasn't been in films lately, adds greatly to the comedy with her keen sense of the ridiculous and her jumping at fiends with fangs. But of course it's Bud Abbott and Lou Costello who wow the audience. Abbott patiently feeds the lines to Costello from whose dumb, exasperated face spout the puns and cracks that are low but hilarious. The story revolves around the haunted inn that the boys inherit; and the ghost business gives Costello cause to search for "a nice warm bed—to hide under," or to swear he won't "make frenzies with anybody again," or to babble about "the guy who just died with a gag in his mouth; but never had a chance to tell it." Of course be sure you like Abbott and Costello and their brand of humor; but like 'em or not you'll never forget Costello's involved explanation of what a figure of speech is.

Rightly enough, the Chicago audience were a little dumbfounded by *"My Life With Caroline."* It is spun so fine that it almost vanishes into thin air. In fact, a couple of times in spite of Lewis Milestone's deft direction and the good performances throughout, the whole thing does disappear and one sits up sharply to wonder what's going on here. It's all concerned with the adroit antics that a very knowing Anthony goes through to keep his Caroline from running off with other chaps. Suave Ronald Colman portrays Anthony with winning charm; English Anna Lee, in her first Hollywood film, is as pretty as a picture as Caroline. She looks something like Ina Claire, but as this scatter-brained little wife, she has no opportunity to exhibit any of Miss Claire's fine acting ability. It is mainly in its story that the picture bogs down. John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard wrote the script from a

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French farce; and while the lines are amusing, the unfolding of the situations seems interminably slow, as practically nothing happens. Mr. Milestone has staged the nothingness as brightly as possible, although there are a few too many shots done with the aid of mirrors—actually. Gilbert Roland is the man that Caroline is running off with as the picture opens—which leads her husband to tell the audience about his life with Caroline and particularly about the last time she was about to leave him for another man. Reginald Gardiner is the other man in the flash-back that Ronald tells. The audience feels very much in on the fun because every now and then Ronald talks right to us and tells us what's going on. Toward the end of the picture he wonders if he really does know Caroline as he thinks he does. But long before that you wonder what all the fuss is about and why he's so anxious to clutter up his house with this wandering nitwit.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Bill Owen—I

Bird of the Wilderness. Vincent Sheean. Random. $2.50.

THIS gifted author-journalist hitherto had reached his peak in the Russian incident of his otherwise fairly run-of-the-mill "Personal History." That section of his story attained an emotional pitch far above the reaches of most modern American writing. Now, after several more years of barnstorming and adventure, reporting and pamphleteering, years in which he has obviously made real strides as a writer, Mr. Sheean returns to an earlier mood and presents in fictional form an intensely personal history from the days of his youth.

One of the strongest indications of his growing artistry is the skill with which he unfolds the tragic story of Bill Owen solely from the simple and intense outlook of that 17-year-old victim of fate. It is appropriate, too, that the story itself is essentially simple and that while the stifling atmosphere of Parkerton, Illinois, is conveyed to perfection, graphic details are rather sparse.

Possibly it is because the story is built up from a manuscript Mr. Sheean composed 20 years ago that he has so faithfully transcribed the idealism, the aspirations, the agonies—in fact the whole outlook—of a boy of 17 at the time of the last world war. But whatever the reason, the author has succeeded in doing this to an astounding degree. The story is so real that many a reader will be held by it far into the night. It would be unkind to outline the narrative here.

There are, however, two adverse criticisms to be made. Fate is too cruel to Bill Owen, whose most courageous deeds lead to persecution, whose willingness to jump into the breach even for a casual friend has the direst consequences for him. There have been, of course, many individuals who always have things turn out badly. But in this case the feeling will not down that in order to evoke the reader's pity for his most estimable young hero, Mr. Sheean has too completely stacked the cards against him. A love that is for a time requited though not fulfilled is the only ray of light in his dark horizon. The other fault, if such it is, is the way the book ends, virtually in mid-air. The reader will finish the last page burning with curiosity as to what eventually happens to Bill Owen. How long

BYRON – SOCIALIST – MUNDELEIN

Next week's issue provides a good sample of the range and calibre provided in THE COMMONWEAL every week. It includes:

BYRON AND THE MONKS, by Donald Attwater, a fascinating account of the visits of Lord Byron to the monastery of the Armenian monks on the Island of San Lazzaro off Venice. Lord Byron says, among other things, "I was much struck with the society of the Convent of St. Lazarus which appears to unite all the advantages of the monastic institution without any of its vices."

ON THE DEATH OF LEO LAGRANGE, by Jean Weiller, who cites Leo Lagrange to refute the charges of the lack of heroism or of the spirit of sacrifice on the part of French politicians: "The lines which follow have as their only object to emphasize the sacrifice he freely made, the dangers he resolutely accepted, his willingness to take the consequences." The example of this socialist deputy who had been a minister in the Blum and Chautemps governments, is an inspiring one.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF LITURGY by Daniel M. Cantwell is a glowing account of the three weeks institute held at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary at Mundelein, Illinois, from July 14 to August 1. "There is every reason to believe that this was a meeting of more than historical importance, that it will make more than history, that it will revitalize the leaven that must mold and fructify in all the social institutions of our time."

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will it take Mr. Sheean and his publishers to bring forth the sequel to this impressive book?

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

CRITICISM

Reason in Madness. Allen Tate. Putnam. $2.50.

THE FRANKNESS of Mr. Tate's explanation that these essays "were written for an occasion and upon assignment" forestalls false expectations even if the reader cannot escape the wish that he had written a more sequential book. He, too, correctly explains that "the convention of this book is the attack." And here the wish turns to the thought of what he might have written had he definitively pictured the position from which he launches his attack. For there is detailed evidence of what Mr. Tate does not believe and very little elaboration of his own tenets. Obviously, for instance, he respects tradition but fails to make clear his own standards of value—a failure which is natural in a collection of this kind.

That Mr. Tate, by his cool and ironic manner, would invite the counterattack of those who repudiate moral unity doubtless he himself anticipated. The case of Albert Guérard in this connection is typical and illuminating, for he identifies Mr. Tate's sureness and conviction with dogmatism, and dogma to the liberal is anathema. But the folly of bringing to criticism values which change overnight, which shift with the newest fads of the times, is not one of which Mr. Tate would ever be guilty. Nor does he give the faintest indication of a desire to be a "popular" critic. Reviewers for the daily and weekly papers are given short shrift in "The Function of the Critical Quarterly"—the reading of this essay by the editors of the Sunday book reviews of the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* would throw an important light on their direction—whose perspicacity is not lessened by the fact that Mr. Tate largely writes in the quarterly category.

It is impossible for a reviewer in short compass to do more than indicate the contents of "Reason in Madness." "The Present Function of Criticism" and "Literature as Knowledge," for instance, are general, whereas "Nine Poets: 1937" is specific; and "Narcissus as Narcissus" is particular. One might pause on the latter essay to comment that this type of analysis by the poet of his poetry is apt to be stultifying and, if it is habitual with Mr. Tate, may explain why his stature as a poet is less than that as a critic. At the same time Mr. Tate might well look to his laurels in the latter rôle, for it is to be suspected that he rests on them too easily. Parallel with the excellencies of his present observations is the promise of very much work ahead of him. And this promise needs to be realized, to be developed into a deepening and ever-wider influence. Occasional essays in quarterlies, duly collected in book form at discreet intervals, is not the method for such realization.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

MISCELLANEOUS

How to Get a Job and Win Success in Advertising. Walter A. Lowen and Lillian Eichler Watson. Prentice-Hall. $3.00.

THESE paradoxical authors begin Chapter Eight with the words: "The way to success in advertising, or in any field, is not to be found between the covers of a book." This in spite of the encouraging title they give their work.

Chapter Eight begins on page 264, and this eager reader had spent the spare moments of many days reading every

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word of pages 1 to 263 in a confident search for the magic line or lines that would reveal All. Sadly it must be reported, even after reading through to page 382, the final page, that the opening sentiment of Chapter Eight is a true one. The title is sanguine. We may as well say it—a come-on.

Now this is not to imply that the book does not offer a wealth of detail about the advertising business—useful and undoubtedly absorbing to students and beginners ready and willing to approach advertising as their Life's Work. Definitely of the Dale Carnegie school of literature, the book has the unique distinction in this field of not being carved wholly from hot air.

Mr. Lowen is head of a prominent employment agency which bears his name and specializes in advertising placements. Miss Watson is an outstandingly successful copywriter. They present many valuable ideas here under such chapter headings as: "What Are the Opportunities in Advertising?", "What Qualities Are Necessary for Success?" "What Is the Right Job for Me?" "How Can I Get a Start?" "How Can I Keep Advancing?" And there is a large section in which some 40-odd big shots in advertising contribute serious observations on how to do what they did.

But, dear reader, if you have been selling advertising for eleven years, and you're now engaged in an effort to up the advertising revenue of a highly deserving, comparatively small magazine with a moral purpose—well, don't expect this book alone to solve your problem.

JOHN BRUBAKER.

BRIEFERS

Low on the War. David Low. S. & S. $2.00.
The New Order. Arthur Szyk. Putnam. $1.50

THERE has always been a profound difference between the cartoons of England and the Continent, just as there is a difference between the British and other senses of humor. These books in no way threaten this generalization. Low's style is sufficiently well known in this country to require little description; it relies on irony, understatement, absurdity, gentle wit. The continental tradition is far more savage, and Polish Arthur Szyk is an able exponent of this savagery. Americans are likely to find this meat a little strong: it is inspired by such scorn and hatred that we are revolted after the first half-dozen specimens. Imagine twisting the unchangeable words of Our Lord: "Father, do not forgive them, for they know what they do." Essentially (and there is some irony in this) Szyk's style is German. *Fliegende Blätter, Kladderadatsch, Simplicissimus* used to be filled with such things. Now they are turned against the breast that nourished them. The very violence of the style makes us understand better the intensity of continental politics.

Summer Holiday. Alice Duer Miller. Dodd. $2.50.

THIS well-named selection from the past of the author of "The White Cliffs" of Dover is an entertaining weekend volume. It contains "Manslaughter," an exceedingly dated but not unamusing best-seller of exactly 20 years ago; "Instruments of Darkness," a 1920 Macbeth; "The Reluctant Duchess," an entertaining drawing-room comedy of about the same period; the diverting original of Fred Astaire's "Roberta." As a sort of unhappy afterthought, two short stories are tacked on at the end, one of the trick variety, the other solved by a "noble" suicide. But the three polite comedy period pieces are delightful.

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The Inner Forum

THE WAR has not succeeded in stopping the expansion of the Canadian JOC (Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne) according to the current issue of the *Social Forum* of Toronto. Until now this organization of Catholic working youth gained its widest renown by preparing more than 100 young couples for Christian marriage by means of discussion groups, retreats, lectures and sermons over the course of a whole year (1938-9). It was dramatized by the wedding of the 105 couples at the Montreal Stadium in July, 1939.

Last year the JOC turned its chief efforts toward raising the moral tone of the work and recreation of Canadian youth. Their program was carried out by their extensive membership of workers in shops, factories and places of amusement.

The latest step is to spread Jocism among domestic servants. For instance, in Montreal, 500 serving maids have joined the organization. Thus far they are organized into three parish groups and two groups of hospital employees. "To appreciate the value of this new Jocist departure one must consider the circumstances of these girls who comprise the majority of servants in city homes. These girls usually come from large poverty-stricken families in rural districts. Inadequate schooling has left them unfitted for anything but housework as a means of livelihood. They . . . obtain work in homes where they are rarely supplied with the opportunity of forming friendships with other young people of their own age and interests. This has often resulted in tragedy for the unsophisticated. . . ."

The new groups meet once each week to discuss some religious subject and to take up the problems involved in their occupation. They also arrange programs of wholesome recreational activities. At Three Rivers the JOC domestic workers have a five-room club house for this purpose, and the plan is to secure the necessary funds for similar houses in other cities. In Montreal at the Centrale Jociste a placement bureau manned by trained workers is available to see that prospective employers guarantee good working conditions and to handle personal grievances.

"The Jocists work on the principle that the most important task is to get those who need help to try to help themselves. Each group is under the leadership of officers elected by and from its own membership. These leaders are trained by Jocists from the main organization who make the training of leaders their special work.'

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